





Mary Laurence Peculiston from her father hov-22/72





IRISH MELODIES.

LONDON

PRINTED EY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.

NEW-STREET SQUARE

## MOORE'S

## IRISH MELODIES

ILLUSTRATED

BY

D. MACLISE, R.A.

NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1866.

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## PREFACE.

An earnest wish having been expressed by my Publishers that this new Edition of the IRISH MELODIES should be accompanied by a few prefatory words, I have readily yielded to their request; though so frequently have I been called to this very welcome task, that all I can say upon such a theme, without degenerating into mere needless egotism, must have been long since exhausted.

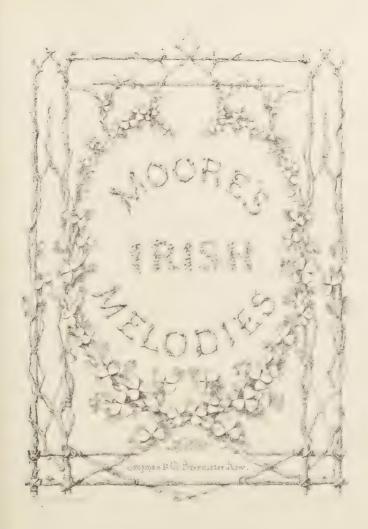
On the poetical part of this work, it is not for me to give an opinion. Whatever may be its merits, to the music they are almost solely owing. It was, indeed, my strong desire to convey in words some of those feelings and fancies which music seemed to me to utter that first led me to attempt poetry. Thus song was the inspiring medium through which I became initiated into verse. Whatever merit there may be in interpreting the voice that spoke in my country's music, lending it a vent in verse, and bringing home to other hearts besides my own the various feelings, sad, gay, or impassioned, with which it teems, to such merit I may perhaps, proudly pretend. But the whole source and soul of the IRISH MELODIES

## PREFACE.

lies in their matchless music. As I have already said in song, I was only as the wind to the sleeping harp, and 'all the wild sweetness I waked was its own.'

I shall only add, that I deem it most fortunate for this new Edition that the rich, imaginative powers of Mr. MACLISE have been employed in its adornment; and that, to complete its national character, an Irish pencil has lent its aid to an Irish pen in rendering due honour and homage to our country's ancient harp.

THOMAS MOORE.









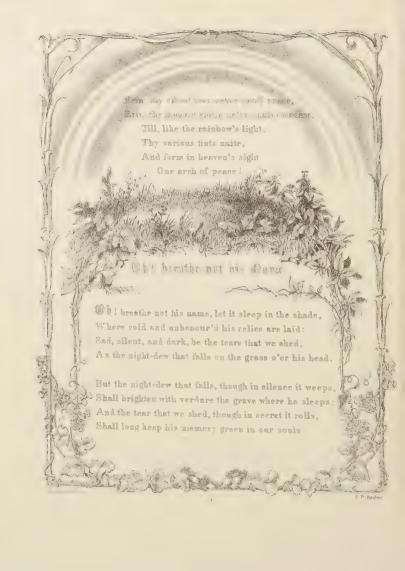


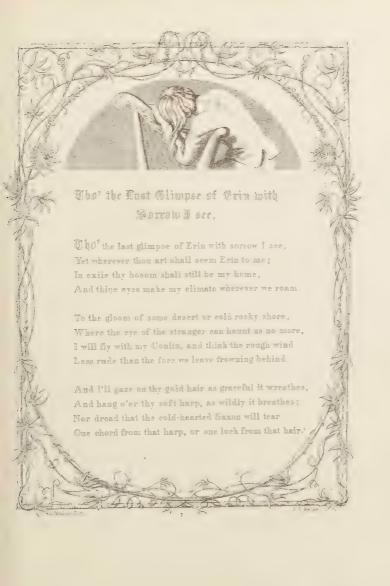


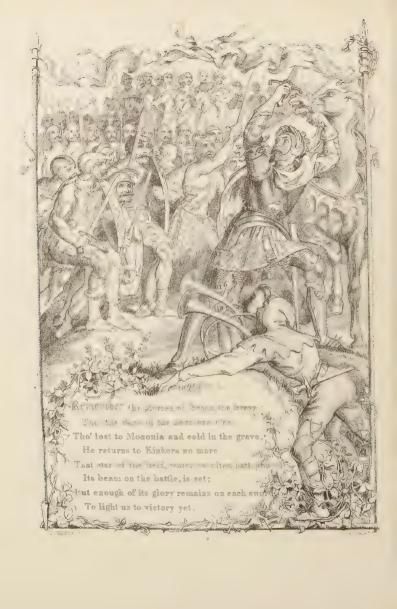
























Which seldom the rose of enjoyment address; And the heart that is somest awake to the flowers. Is always the first to be toneh'd by the thoras. But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile.—

May we never meet worse, in our pilorimage have Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile. And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear

The thread of our life would be dark. Heaven knows.

If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;

When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,

Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;

And the heart that has almober'd in friendship securest is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.

But seed round the bowl; while a relic of truth

Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine get.

That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth.

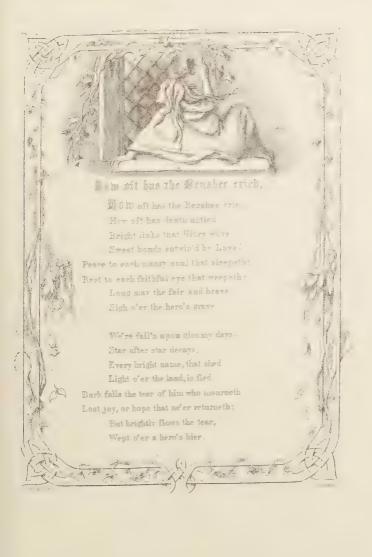
















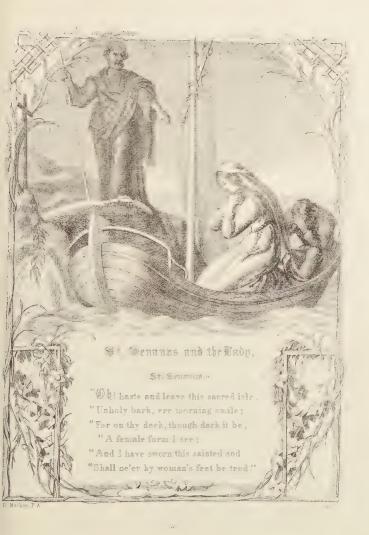




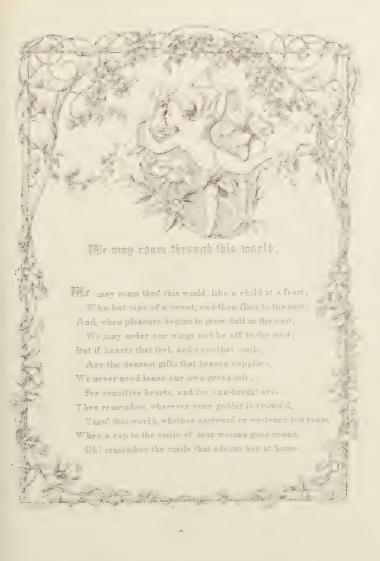






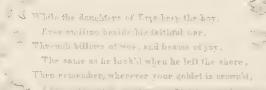








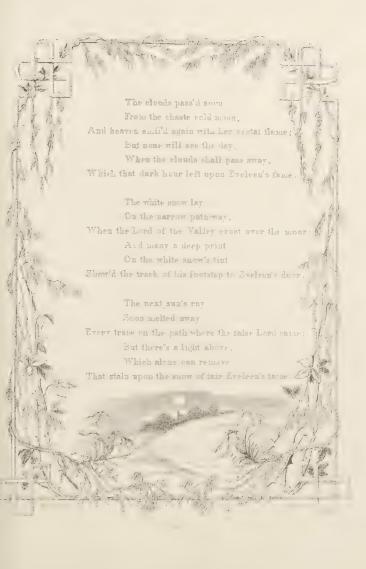


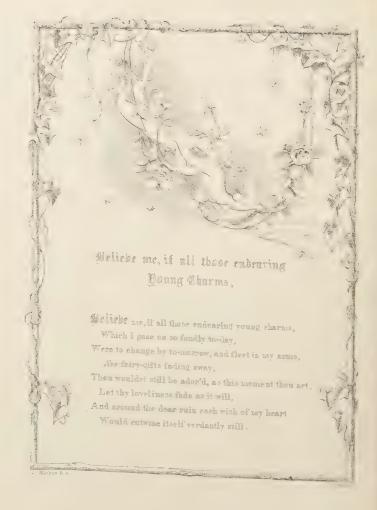


Chi remember the smile that adorns her at home .

## Ciclerale Comer,

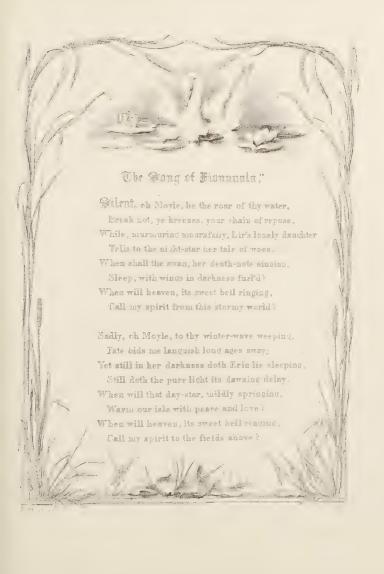
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame

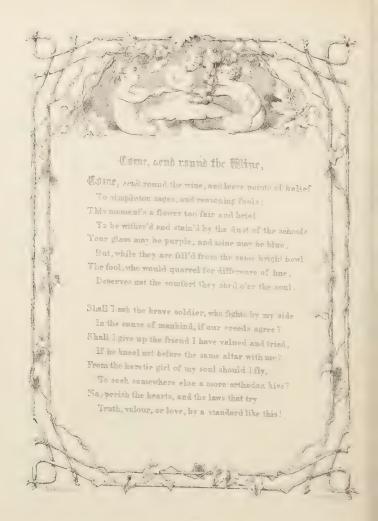




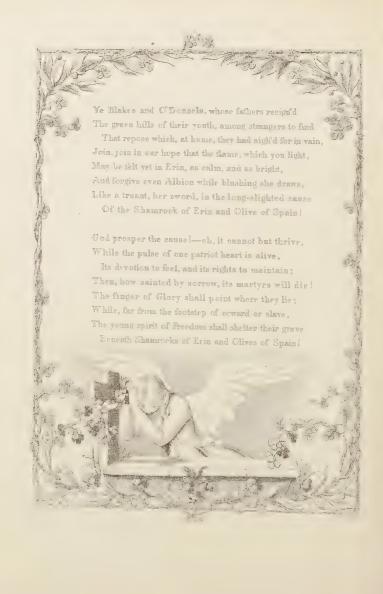




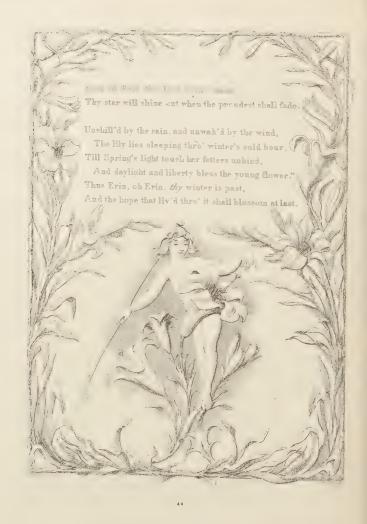














O'er the ruin her shildren in secret must sigh,

For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.

Inpriz'd are her sons, till they've braned to betray;

Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;

And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,

Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires

Then blame not the bard, if an pleasure's solt dream,
the should try to forget, what he never can heal:
Oh. give out a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd:

But the dary be gone, and the hope fade away,

Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will be lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stronger shall hear the lament on his plains;
The sigh of the harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till the masters themselves, as they rivet the chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!



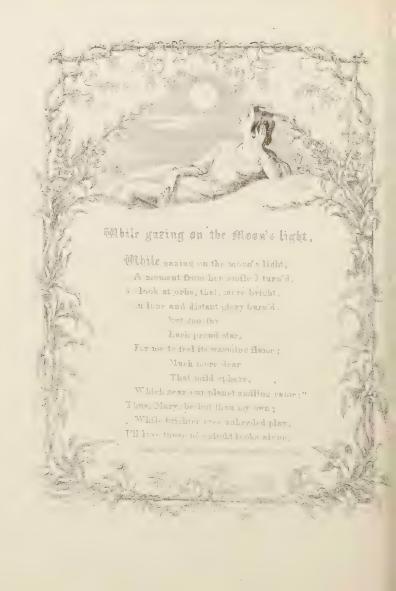
With to her, who long thath wal'd the poet's sight fine art, who gave to some What gold south never they in woman's heart was made for mineted hands above: By other impers play'd, It wilds not half the time.

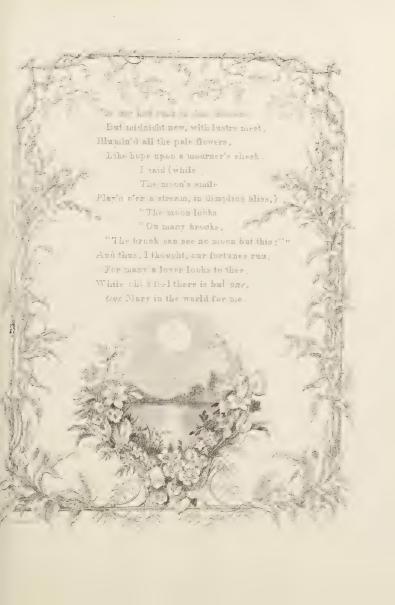
In here's to her, who long

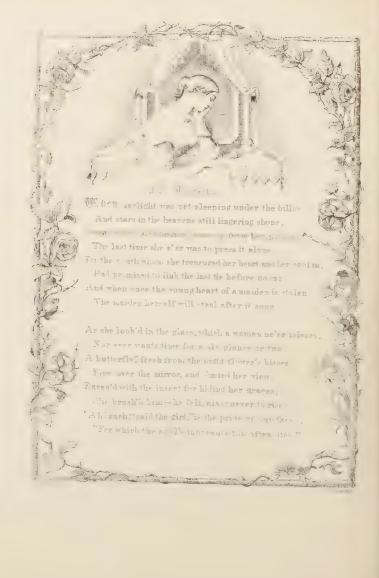
What gold earld never bay



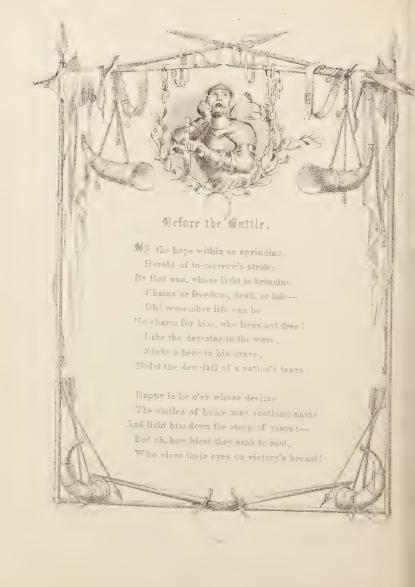


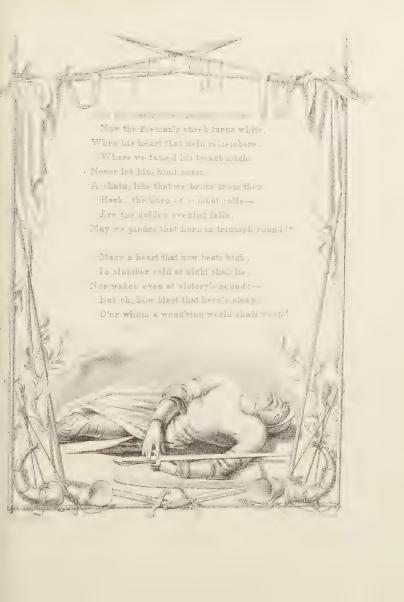


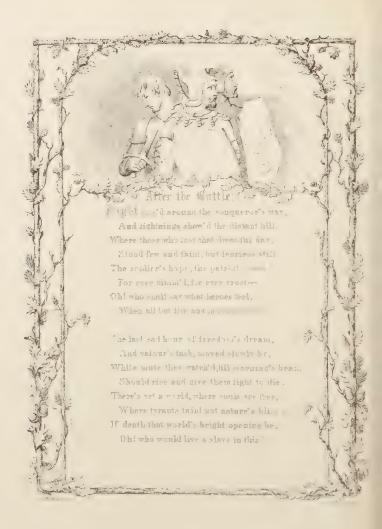


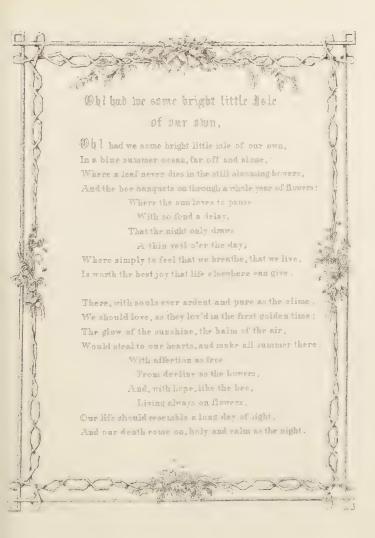


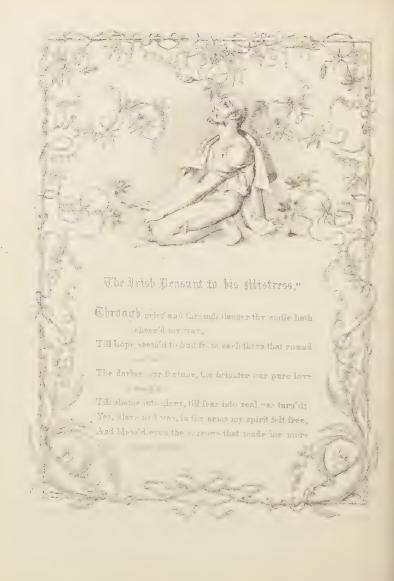












The rival was her sured, while then wert virung it and seem'd,

Thy erewn was of briers, while gold her brown adorpties

. he will die to temples, while then lay'st hid in

Ter friends were all master, white time, alast were stayes;

Yet colo in the earth, at thy feet, two no rather be.

Then wed what Hey'd not, or turn the thought from

They stander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail-

rladst thou been a false one, thy theek had look'd less pale.

They say, too, so long thou hast worm those singering

That deep in thy heart they have printed their service stams—

Oh' foul is the slauder,—no chain could that soul subdue.—

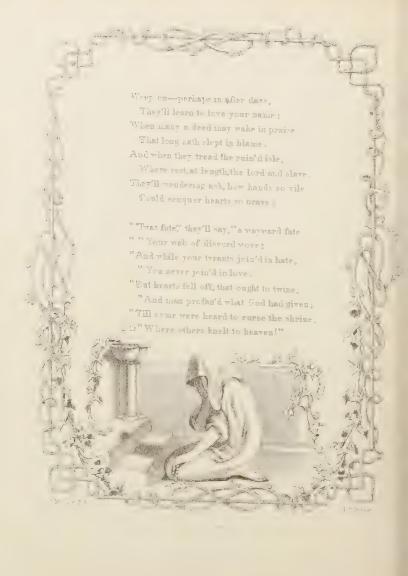
Where shineth the spirit, there liberty shineth too!

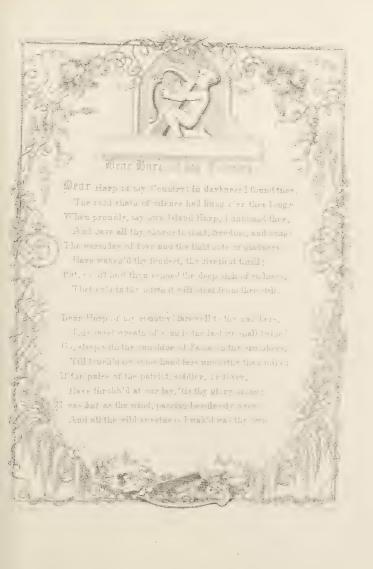


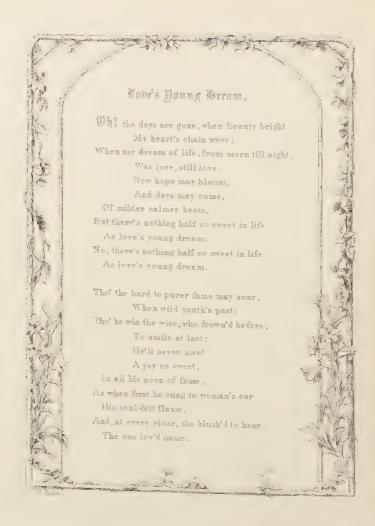
Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the same While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light tram. And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell, Was chang'd to bright chords utt'ring includy's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known To mingle love's nanguage with sorrow's sad tone; Till thou didst divide them, and teach the foudlay To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

Meep on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are c'er;
The fatal chain is round you east,
And you are u.en uo more
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;





















Twas from Wathlern's ever he flew, ... I see of most unhole blue.

She hadn'y'd hin well and has,
Woh'd hin here, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Jam's would fly.

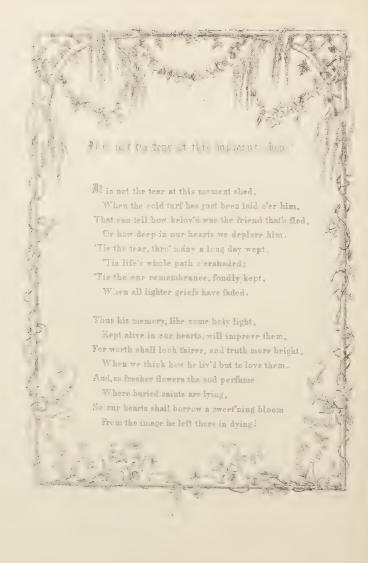
Sits he heard her light foot night?

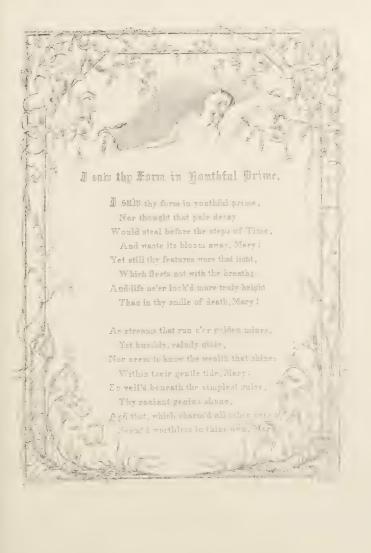
L'ast or west, where ir he form'd.

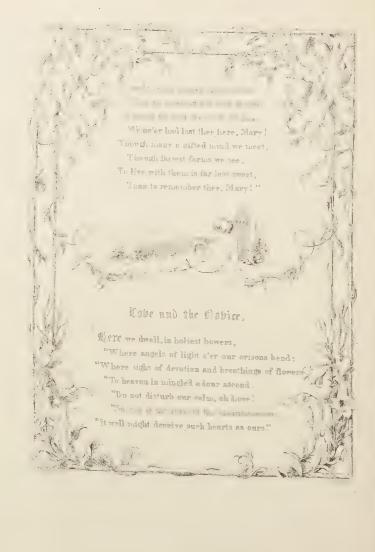
Co the bold clift's beson cast
Tranquicuow he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, ner thinks that e'er
Weman's smile can hand him there.
But not earth not heaver is free
From her power, if fond she oe:
Twen now, while calm he sleeps.
Satheen o'er him leads and ween.

Fearless she had track'd his feet. To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning a ct his view,
ther wild glauces met it too.
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts.
Externly from his bad ne starts,
And with sude, repulsive shock,
Huris her from the beetling rock.

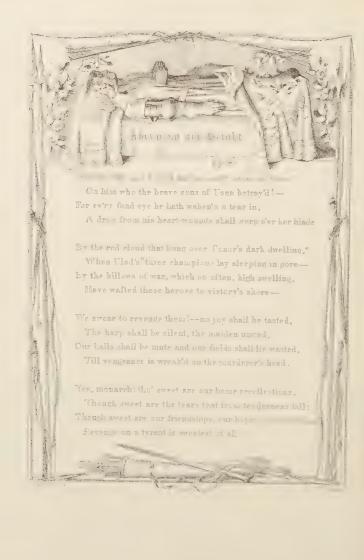


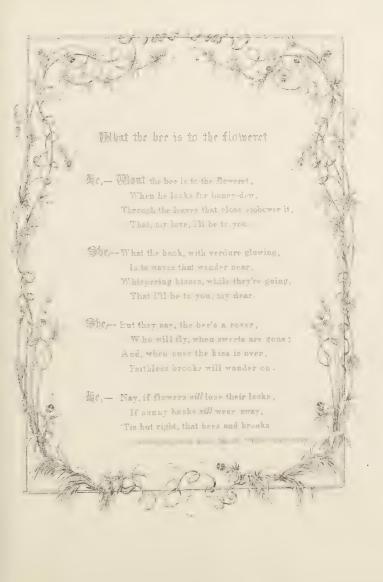




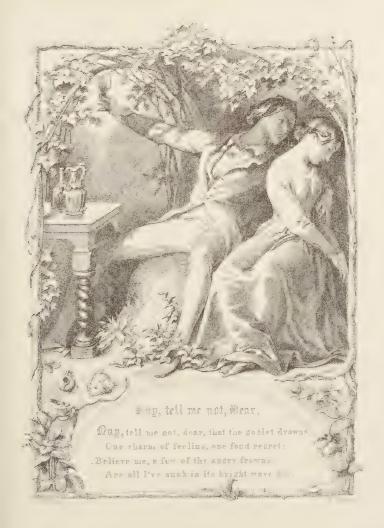












Been lost in the stream

That ever was shed from thy form or soul;

The spell of those eyes.

The balm of thy sighs,

Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl.

Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steaf

One blissful dream of the heart from me;

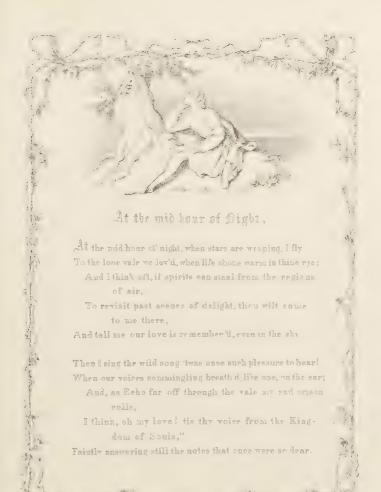
Like founts that awaken the pilgrin's zeal,

The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

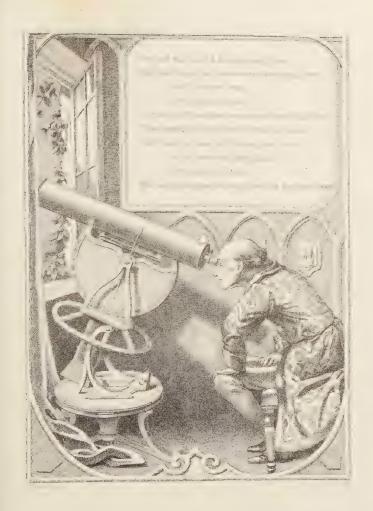
They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dy'd
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awakea the pilgrim's zeal,

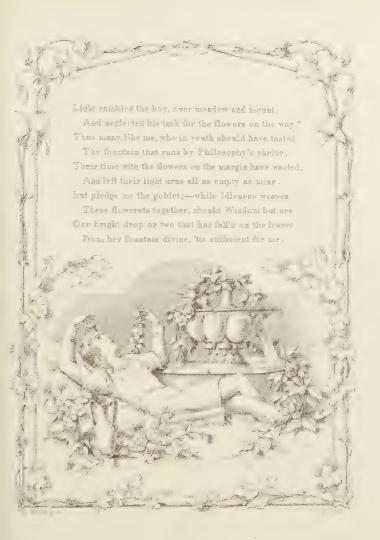
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

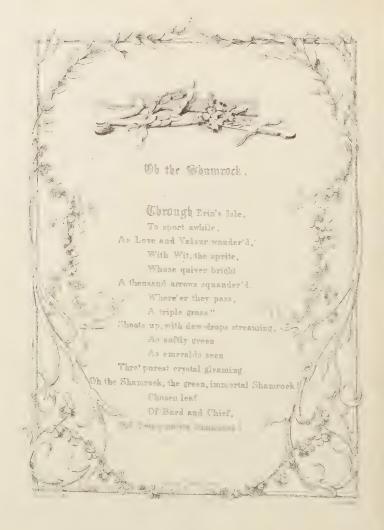


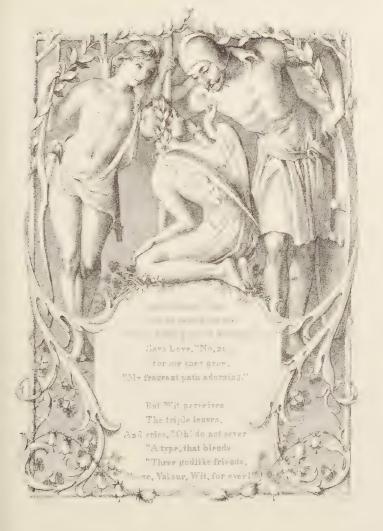


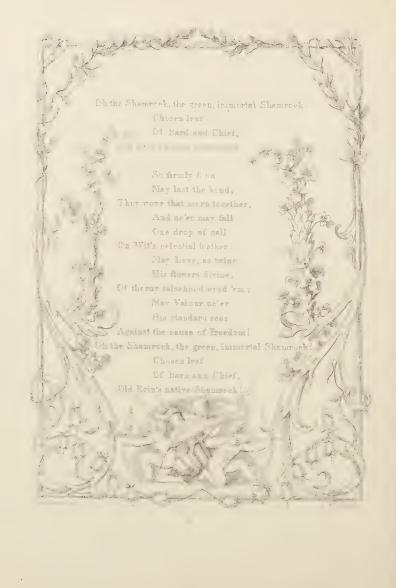














## the Sing of O'Kundi,

ABIN F No PRESENT of

The valley lay smiling before me,

Where lately 7 left her behind;

Yet I fremblid, and numething hung o'er me,

That neduces dithe joy of my mind

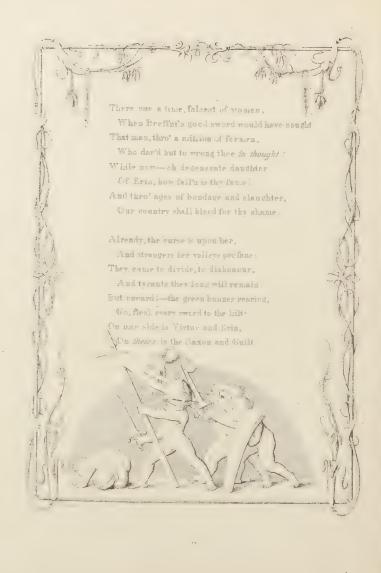
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,

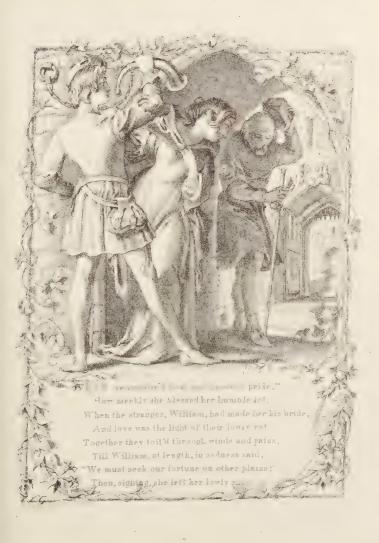
Should shine, when her Filgrim return'd;

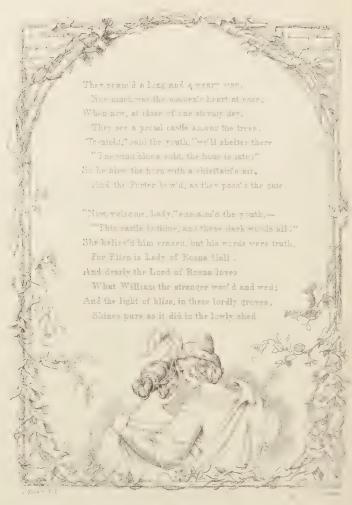
But, though darkness began to infild me,

No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

I fiew to her chamber—"twas lenety,
As if the lov'd tenant lay nead;—
Ah, would it were death, and death only.
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss;
While the hand, that had wak'd it so often.
Now threbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.



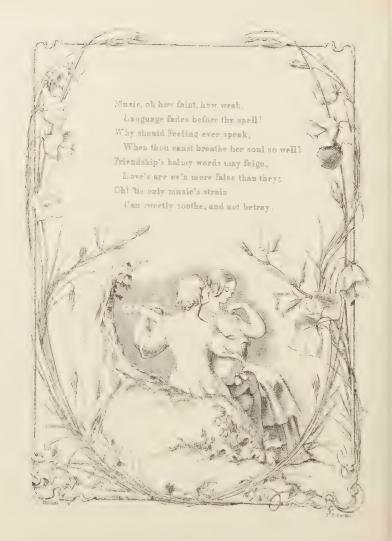


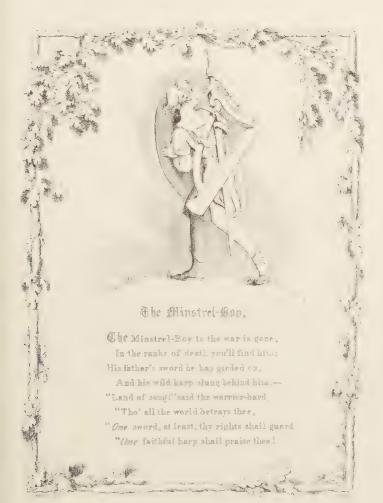




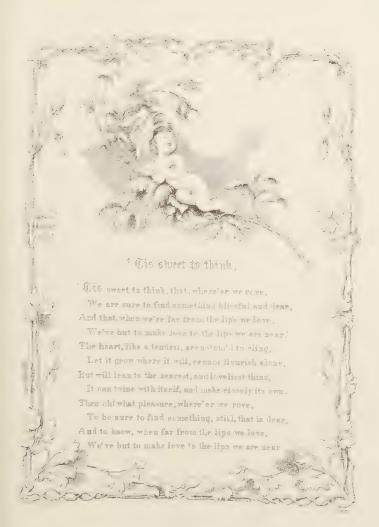


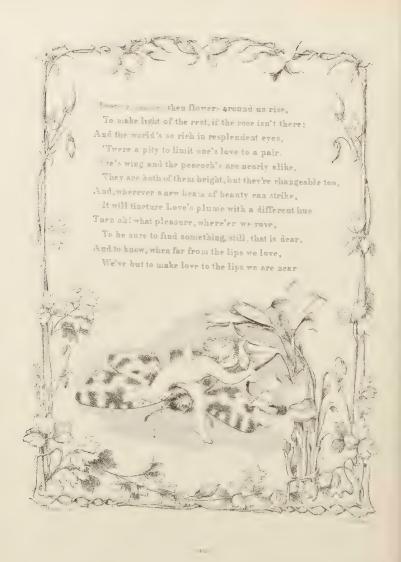


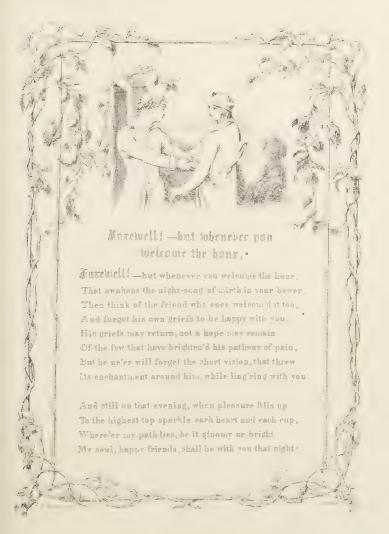












Let Fate do her worst, there are relies of jey,
brield dreams of the past, which che caunot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care.
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my beart with such memories BM'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd-

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still

## The doubt me not,

Oh! doubt me not—the season
Is i'er, when Polity made me rive,
And not the vestal Reason,

Show watch the fire swak!

They only shock some blessoms down.

Its fruit tax all been kept for thee

Then doubt me not—the season

Is her, when Folly made me rave,

And now the vestal, Hearon,

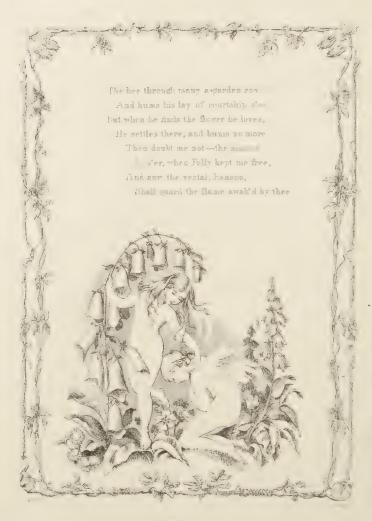
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love

And the' my inte no longer

May sing of Passico's undert spell

Yet, trust mr. all the stronger

feel the bliss I do not tell





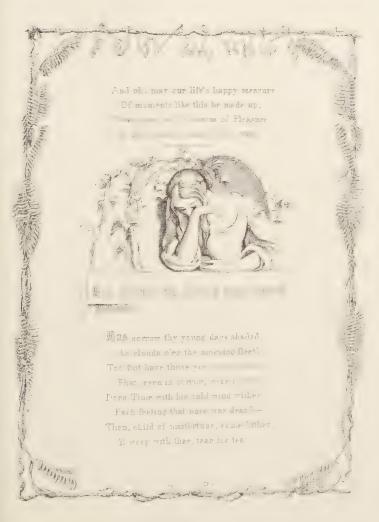




But come,—may our life's happy measure Be all of such moments made up; They're born on the bosom of Pleasure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup

As ouward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those lew sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries"Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
Ah, never doth Time travel faster,
Than when his way hes among flowers.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking.
The waters beneath him how bright:
And now, let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So, till up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.



thes fore to that one, of order there take our basecians care, other startles of solden spacecaur. As every tie sating chiefer that, it is present or to deeper Admin's better deeper to deeper this easier that the deeper bike here, the bright one is gone.

Has hope, like the bird in the story,"
The faiter from tree to tree.
With the failanter's girterine show—
that Hope been that brown ther?
Us breach efter brane, aligning.
The sero did showful displace.
And, when accress and most loving,
Then was the is a green arms?

of thus the young hours have fleeted.

When surrew itself stocked bright:

If thus the fair hope hath eleated,

That hed ther along no ingut;

If thus the cold world new victure:

Each feeling that her was dear:

("re-child of methertuse, come hitser
here, vito they tear for tear.



Let fate frown on, so we love and part and:
"Tis life where then art, "tis death where then art not
Then come o'er the sex.

Naiden, with me.

Come wherever the wild wind blows ceasers may rell.

I arns the same, where'er it goes

Was not the sea Made for the Free.

Land for courts and enains alone?
Here we are slaves.
Lut, on the waves,

Love and Liberty's all our own No eye to watch, and no tangue to wound us, thi cards forgot, and all heaven around us.

Then come o'er the sea, Staiden, with me, Mine thre' snushine, storm, and snows-Seasuss may roll,

but the true soul

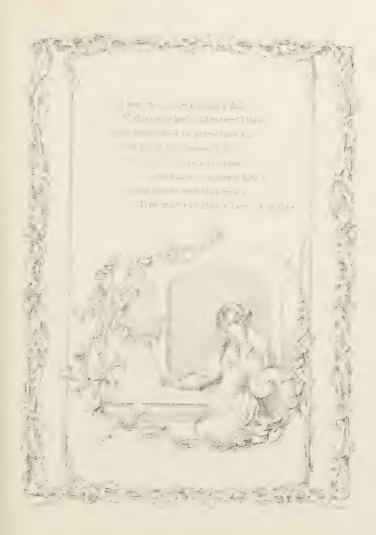


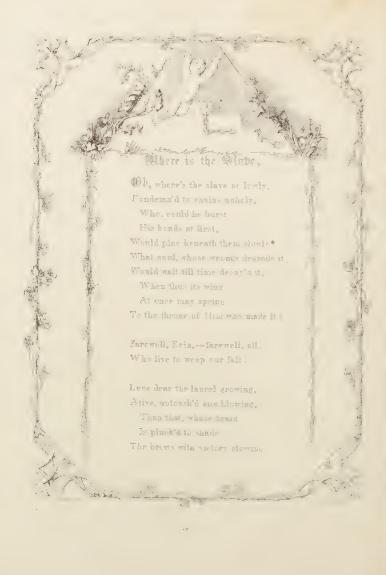
There shone such truth nount thee,
And on thy hip such promise home.
I did not dare to doubt thee,
I saw ther change, ye' rill reases,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, the 'false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander
But so, deceiver, so,
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so law,
Leserves that thou she uidst areak it.

When every tongue thy follows named, I fled the unwelcome story; Or found, in even the faults they bland d. Some gleans of future glory. I stud was true, when measur this was
Conspired to wrong, to climit them:
The heart that now the tassehe doronds.
Would the have the distributions.
Let us, decerved;
"one day, perhaps, the way wake.
True pleasure's drong, to have.
The smell of measure havehes.

For a now, the 'power its observed as shed No lights of age anorm thee. The new, who hav'd free care, have fire. And they who flatter as rather. Thy historical cup is ploug'd to shaves. No genual sies conventait;
The smiling there, like light on graves. Has rank cold hearts benefit it. Gra-go — they worlds were time, I would not now anywher. I would not now anywher. One tamtless tear of unce. For all the guilty sulendant is

And days may come, thou false cast yet When even those ties shall sever: When thou wilt call, with vain regret, On her thousel lost for ever:

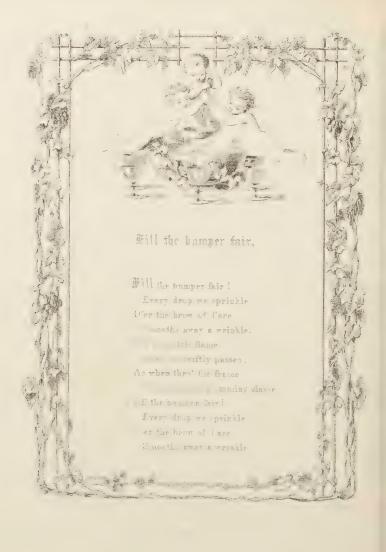


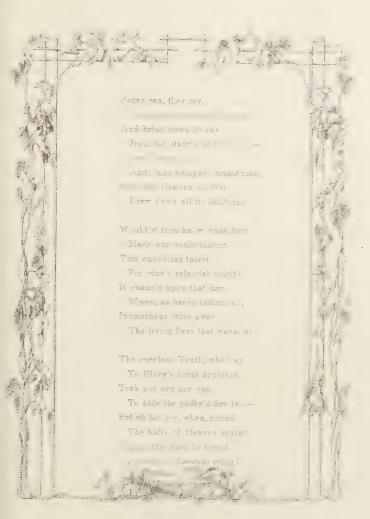






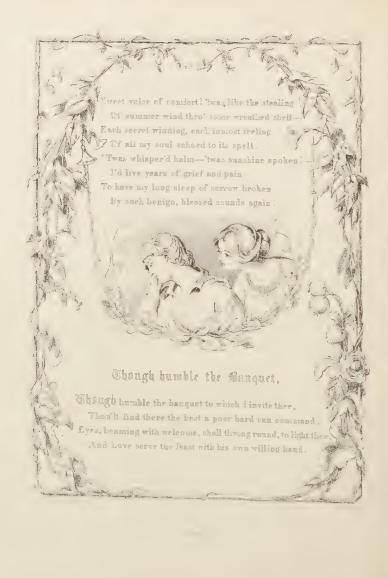












(i) It if the construction is a second of the construction of the construction is a second of the construction.

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion Can turn from the path a pure constitute approves; Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion, Holds upwards its course to the light which it leves.

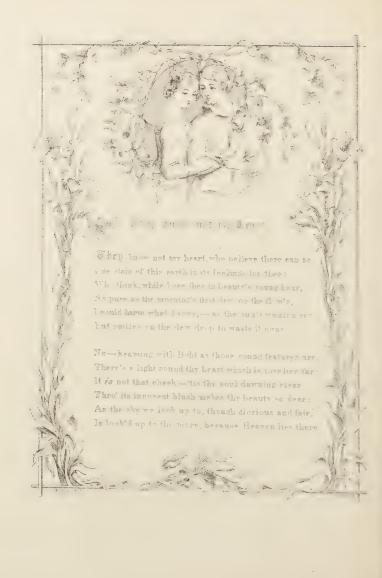
'Tis this makes the pride of his hundle retreat.

And, with this, though of all other treasures bereaved.

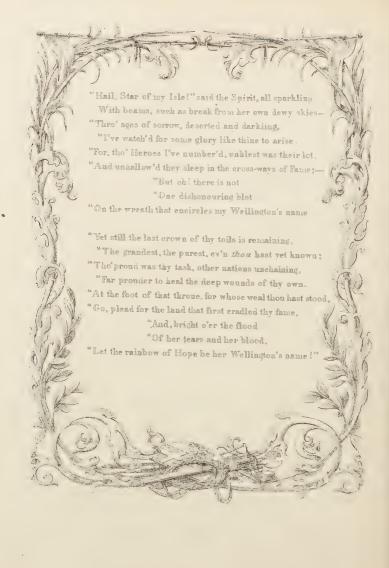
The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet.

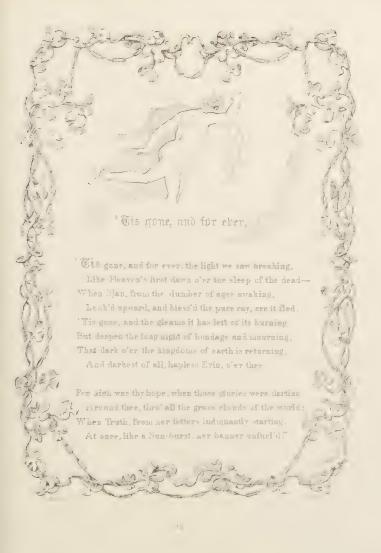
Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received.

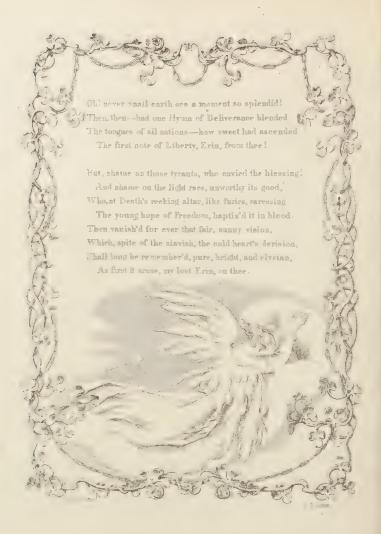
Then, come,—if a board so unterpting hath priver
To vin thee from grandour, its best shall be thine.
And there's one, long the light of the bard's nappy bower.
Who, smiling, will the















Ent 'tis past—and, the' blazen'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurate is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophic, of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame

## My gentle Harp,

The sweetness of thy slundering strain:
In tears our last farewell was taken.
And now in tears we meet again
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken.
But, like those Harps whose heav'nly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, last, spoken,
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy shord resounded,
An hour of peace and triuroph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her hairyon sont o'er land and sea,
The' joy and hope to others bringing,
She saly brought new toers to thee

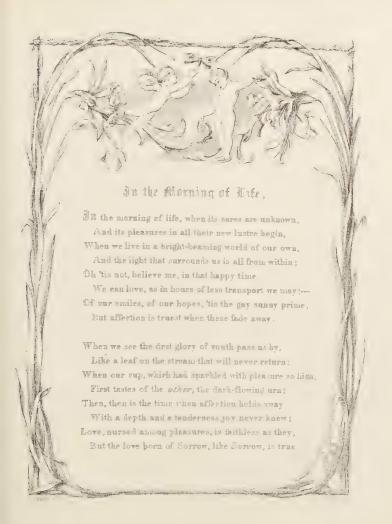
Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Barp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's say morning measure
As all would said the swan's decline!
For how shall ", who leve, who bless thee,
Luveke the breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wrenths in which I dress thee,
Art seeby nox'd—half flow'rs, half chains'

but no re—if yet the frame can born or One breath of Joy, ch, breathe for me, read above the world, in chains and sorrow, How avect his once still can be:
How avect his once still can be:
Then yet coust was a stipleasure's thank—bits Memory a traken index some index.

Into the man, a traken i man some index.

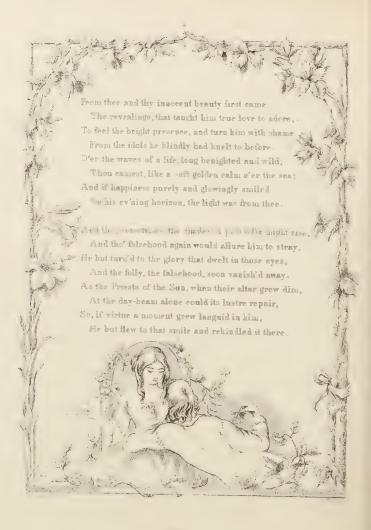


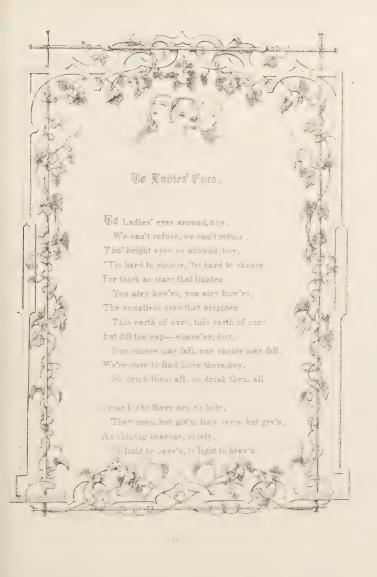


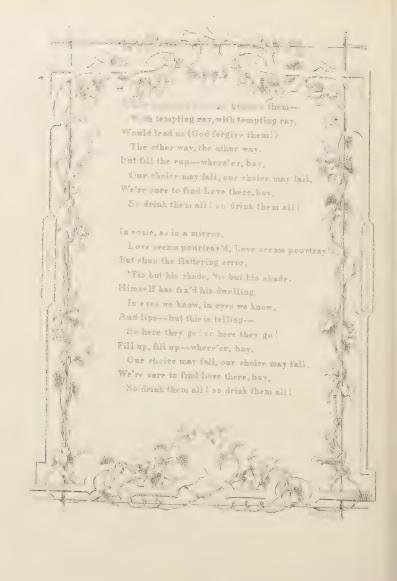




















They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it I found it a life full of kindness and bliss:
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll contest me with this
As long as the world has such tips and such eyes,

They may say what they will of their ords in the skies.
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and die.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring them

The course we are a secure of the

and the second of the second of the second

They've none, even there, hore enamour'd than a And as long as this harp can be waken'd to love, And that eye its divine inspiration shall be.

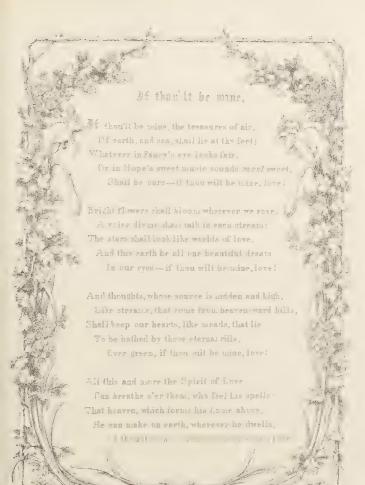
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

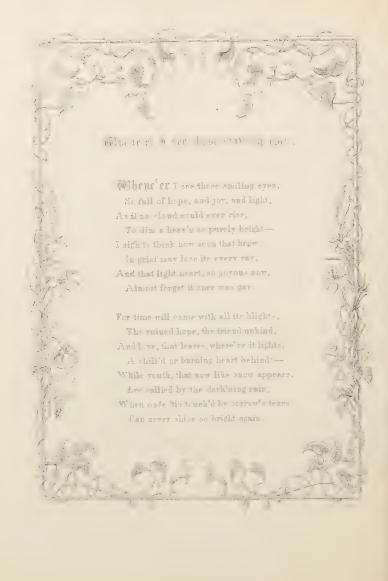






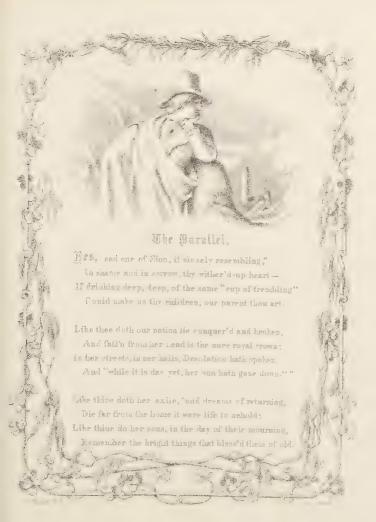


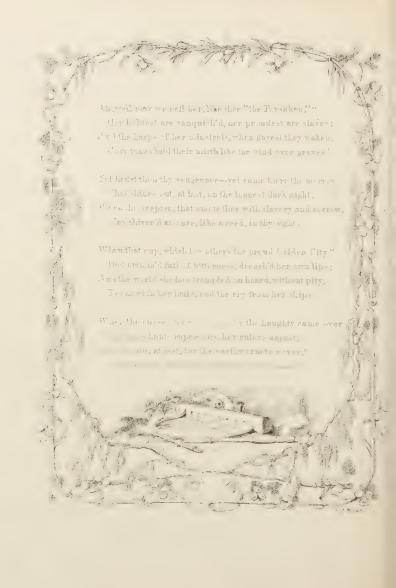








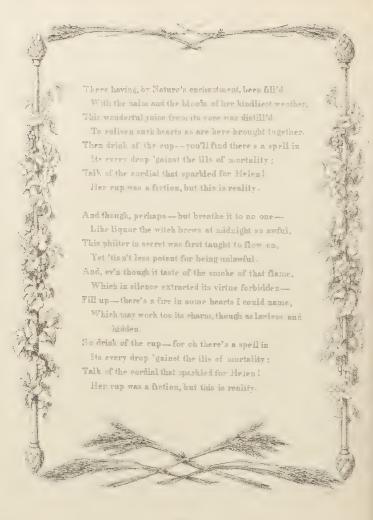






In . That emp :- von I had there's a spell w

To churu and bewriter as this we are qualling. A Larvest of gold in the helds it stood laughing







But, for the world, let us one be nigh.

Lest haply the stars should decrive me;

Juch secrets between you and me and the sky

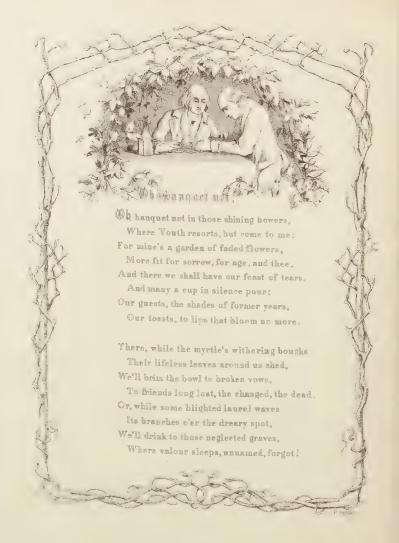
Should accord go farther, believe me.

'I at that hour the heav'us be not dim,
'Ny science shall call'up before you
A unie apparition,—the image of him
Whase destiny 'tis to adore you.

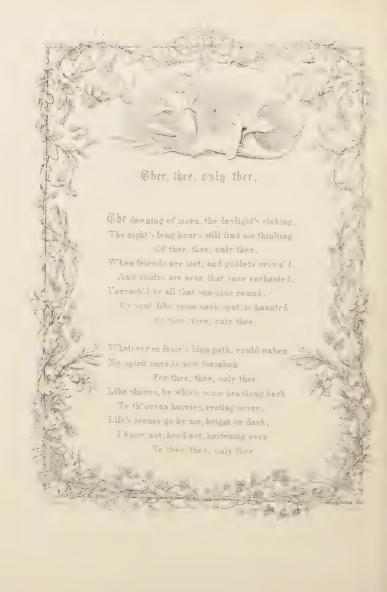
And if to that phantom you'll be kind, Co foully around you he'll hover, You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find Twixt him and a true living lover.

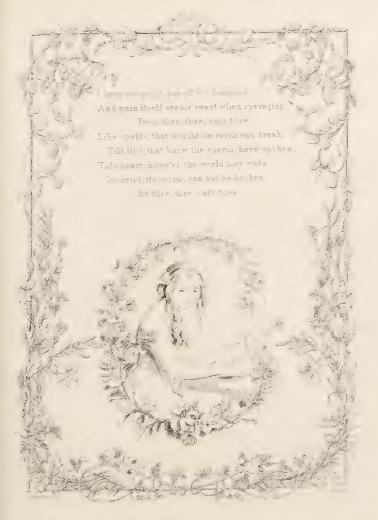
Down at your feet, in the pale moonlield, He'll kneel, with a warmto of devotion— An ardour, of which such an innoceast sprite You'd scarcely believe had a potion

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I've not seen them.
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes.
To settle, ere morning, between them.

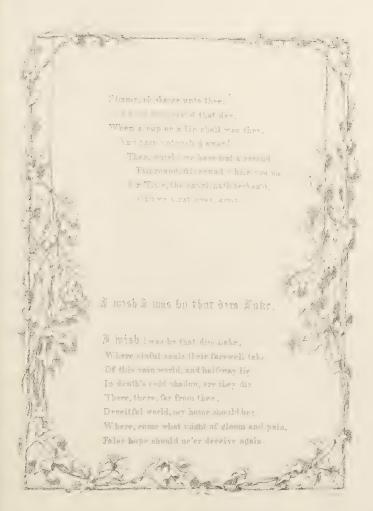
















## ret Unnistallen

With the relieu, have the well, May call and moderate to be and the fact that and the three tell.— The may the ten sade, in a same

enet out Postulation and the business are strong to the strong that the business are set of the second of the seco

 1 for in three contained tell Village bird I saw buy dairy isse

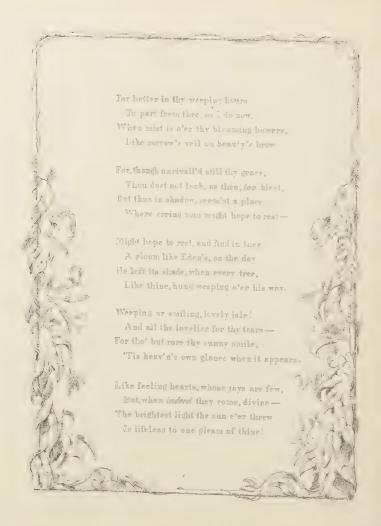
"Translated, have eller died in eller.

When an electric paths if care.

The condition of the autoagain to an aller.

And have the conditional and allered to

For the number of a matter than the local body on the world' and exceed the condition of the societies, as a local Of mucha, e.g. had seen 41 de 34.





th the sight cultimeter,
Where corning's book as clauring
O'er files array d
With help and blade.
At pinner in the gay wind daheing

Yet, it and talls, or feather ---For as a volume part, whether this plumed bands

And meets as into together heave points to these who need to --

And prind he lawes.

The gandlest slaves.

That convi where incoarch slead enc.

The sword may pierce the leaver,

2 tone walls in time may sever.

Tone wells in time may sever,

"Tas mind alone,

Worth steel and stone.

That keeps men free for ever.

On that sight outrancing,

When the morning's beam is glancing,

O'er files array'd

With helm and blade,



## Twas one of those Dreams?

T. With one of those dreams, that by .. usic are brought,

When, lost in the future, his soul wanders of And all of this life, but its sweetness, is go

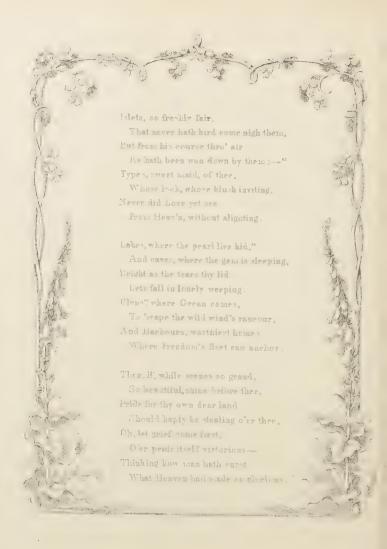
The wild notes he heard o'er the mater were those. He had taught to sing Frin's dark Londage and woes. And the breath of the bugie now waited them o'er. From Linis' great isle, to break's wooded shore.

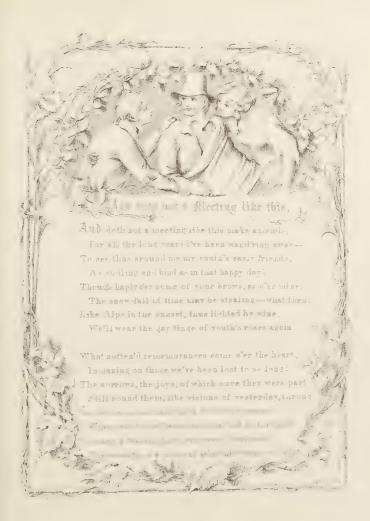
fisten'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest, lingering sounds on their way leved to rest;

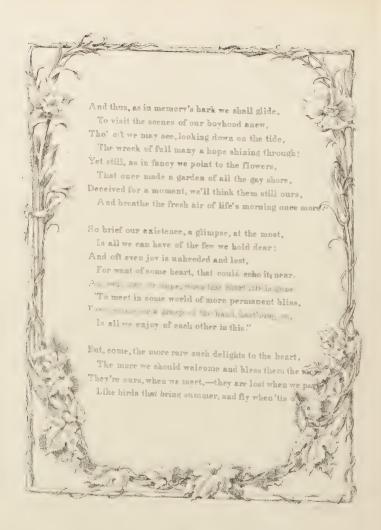
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here, Was again brought to life in some airrer sphere, Some heav'n in those hids, where the soul of the strain That had ceased upon earth sas awaking again.

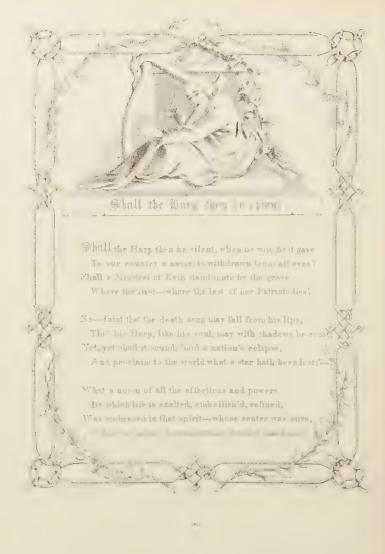












Oh, who that loves Erin, or was that eacher,
Through the waste of Ler annals, that open suckers
Like a pyramid raiser in the desert—where he
And his glary stand but it, the eres of all traces

That ele medicterval succellates has been.

And the madness of ages, when mild with his soul,

A Nation correspid the dark bounds of her loom,

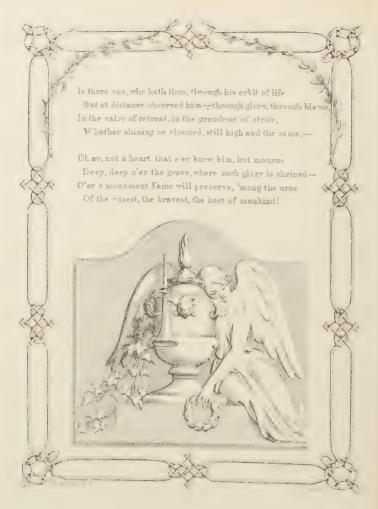
And for one sacred instant, truck'd liberters goal.

Who, that ever noth neard mn.—hath drank at the source Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erm's own, In whose high-thoughted during, the fire, and the Price. And the jet automed spring of her spirit are shown?

An eloquence rich, wherescever its wave Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that chone through,

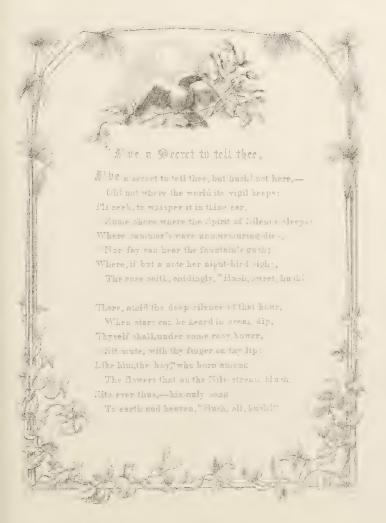
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave.
With the flash of the gam, its solidity too.

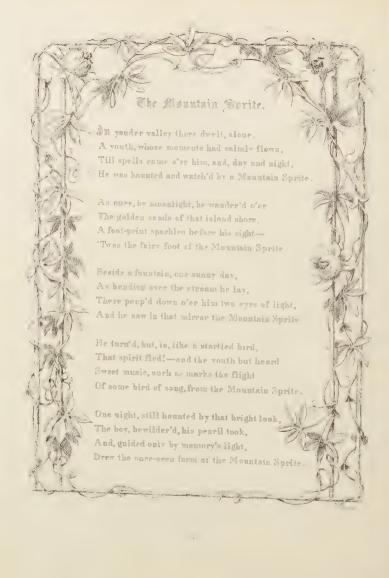
Who, that ever approach it min, when tree from the crowd, In a home full of love, he delighted to tread



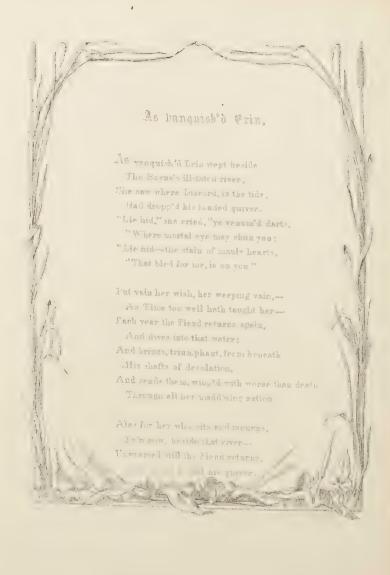


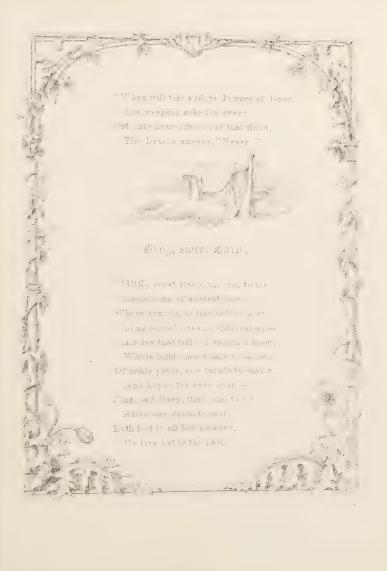


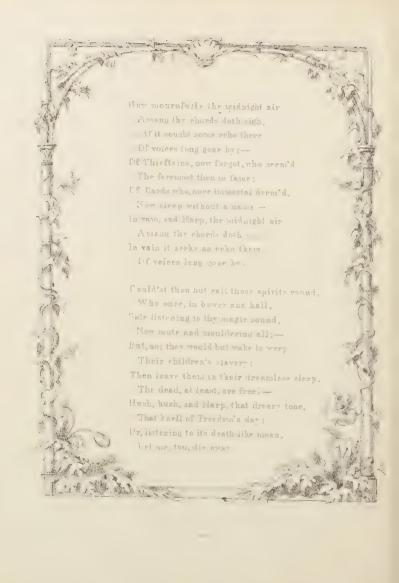


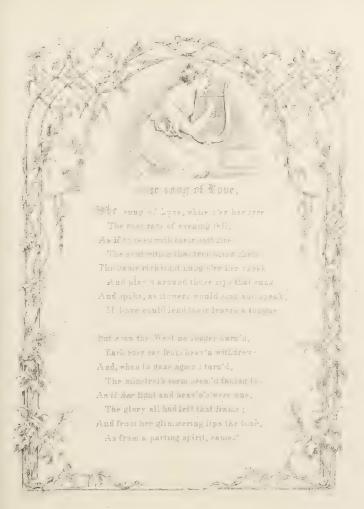










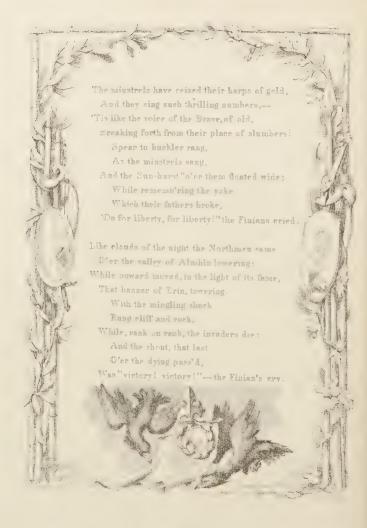












## I saw from the Beach,

93W from the beach, when the morning was shining."

A bank ofer the waters move gloriously on;
came when the sun ofer that beach was declibing,

And such is the fate of our life's carly promise,

Bo passing the spring-tide of you we have known;

Each wave, that we dane'd on at morning, ebbs from us,

And leaves us, at eye, on the block shore alone.

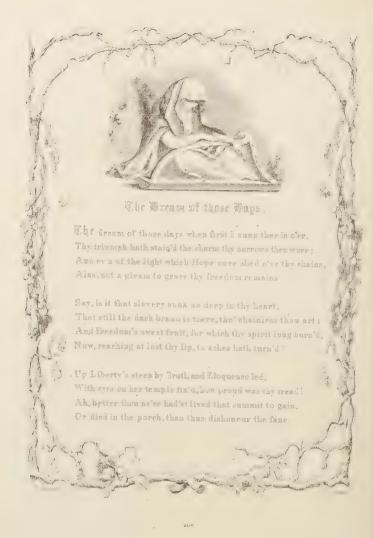
Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning.

The close of our day, the calm eye of our night; —

Give me back, give me back the wild freelings.

Hor cloud, and her tears are worth fivening's

Oh, who would not welcome that mament's returning







# 10° Wanubur's Minstress.

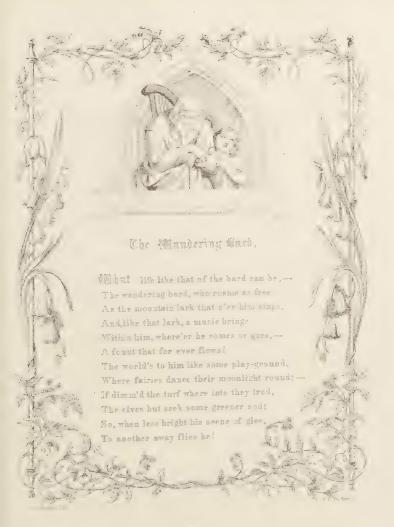
()) f mix the feir mentus, the councithe sur . name their ble lance their circles pur

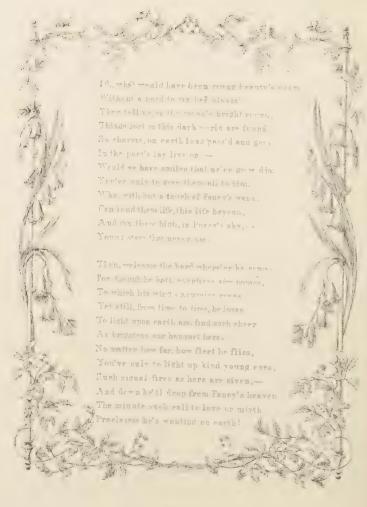
12:1,

Or al. the bright Launts, where develobe leaves Its hinds wind stoke on delice eves. Fair Lake, though dearest to me: For when the last April son growed in. The Nalads prepare his steed for him? Who dwells, bright Lake, in thee

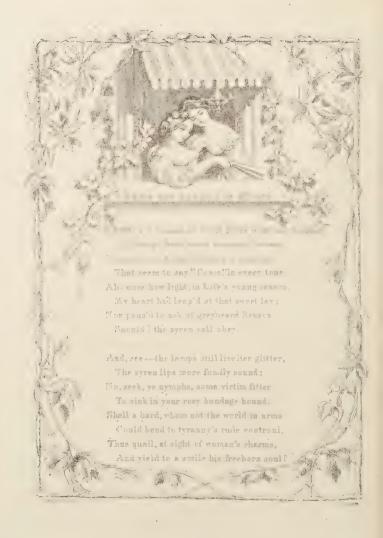
Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore, Whate Steed, most joy to thee; Who still with the first young plance of spring From under that carrieds lake dost bring "No love, we chief to me.





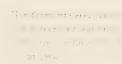


# To brighten the ear, and kindle the Soms here, like planets in Heaven, Ev harmout's laws airne are sept moving beauty may chast of her even any her cheeks by harmony's laws since are here here Lay steeping as calm as samuely come . ake here and Venus, enchanted, to k'd on with a smile,







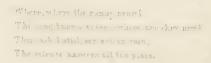


# stage in Crowds to annour o

A 10 AC in the sense to send the tem,
As a Problem and the mathematical of the TV mathematical sense that the temperature of th

In Indirection is an and its labour.

The matrices of character only by:
And year trade, and trade is well a same
to and his course from means called do two-



: "

Oh, what is Famer's mapie worth,
if all her art cannot call forth
One this like those we telt or als
From hips now mute, and eyes now reld;
Ye no,—her spell is va.u,—
As soon could she bring back again
Thus: eyes themselves from cut the grave
As wake again one bits they gave

# Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,

Oh! Acronmore, fored Arranmore, flow off I do am of these.
And of those days when, by the shoel wander'd young and free.

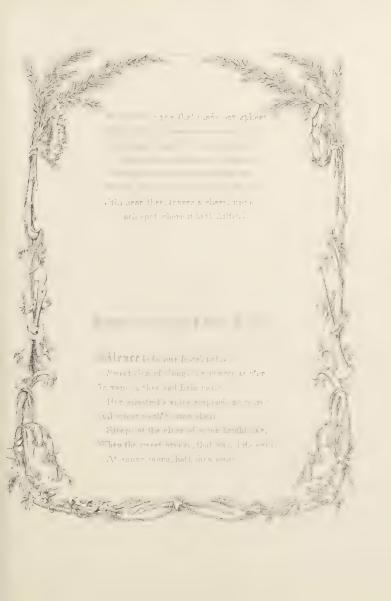
The above a pash for tried, single them, for the pass were for the blow each.

The price of the blow each.

The price of the blow each.

item blishe upon the creeze elects
At each elect is
With term as hence to
That denoted arone the flood;
Or, while the western wave show bright
With daylight's parting wind,
trave or agli that himse in its list.
Which does ming poets sing?—



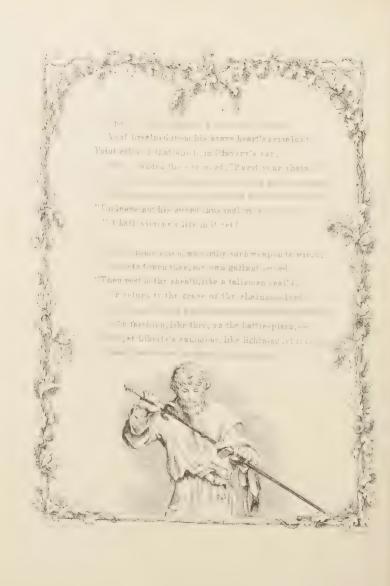


Yet, at our feasts, the spirit long,
Awated by music's spell, shall rise;
For, name so link d with deschios song
Variakes its charm and never dies:
And ev'n within the holy fanc,
When music wells the someto heaven,
the the mint to bun, whose extract strain
Was celesco there, shall long be given

Put, where is now the cheerful day,
. The social right, when, by thy sile,
the right how weaves this parting lay,
flie skillers raise with thine allfed;
And sume those songs whose every tone.
When hard and ministrellong have pass
hard still, in sweetness are their own,
if midalm'd by fame, undying last.

Yes, Irin, thine alone the fame, -Er, if thy hard have shared the crown,
from thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down
Facuals, if Freedom still inspire
this latest roug, and still there be.
As evening closes round his lyre,
Che ray upon its chords from thee









#### ADVERTISEMENT

PREFIXED TO THE

#### FIRST AND SECOND NUMBERS.

THOUGH the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original IRISH MELODIES, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the country. Sir John Stevenson has very kindly consented to undertake the arrangement of the Airs; and the lovers of Simple National Music may rest secure, that in such tasteful hands, the native charms of the original melody will not be sacrificed to the ostentation of science.

In the Poetical Part, promises of assistance have been received from several distinguished Literary Characters; particularly from Mr. Moore, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the

#### PREFATORY NOTICES.

undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to Sir John Stevenson on the subject:—

I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected; \* and, while the composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland-very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment—we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our countrymen, have, for want of protection at home, passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterises most of our early Songs.

The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The Poet, who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that

<sup>\*</sup> The writer forgot, when he made this assertion, that the public are indebted to Mr. Bunting for a very valuable collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic genius of Miss Owenson has been employed upon some of our finest airs.

#### PREFATORY NOTICES.

unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude,—some minor Third or flat Seventh,—which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If BURNS had been an Irishman (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon OSSIAN for him), his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

Another difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular structure of many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the Poet must write, not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of that description which CICERO mentions, 'Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.' That beautiful Air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which has all the romantic character of the Swiss Ranz des Vaches, is one of those wild and sentimental rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very little talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power.

Leicestershire, Feb 1807.

# ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

#### THIRD NUMBER.

In presenting the Third Number of this work to the Public, the Publisher begs leave to offer his ackrowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honoured; and to express a hope that the unabated zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably conducted it, will enable him to continue it through many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular melodies is far from being exhausted; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful Airs, which call upon Mr. Moore, in the language he so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

TO

## THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

PREFIXED TO THE THIRD NUMBER.

WHILE the Publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting one from that number, to whom my share of the work is particularly dedicated. Though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, I know that you remember it well and warmly-that you have not allowed the charm of English society, like the taste of the lotus, to produce oblivion of your country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile from it must remember with most enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which

#### IRISH MELODIES.

are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become softened at a distance; or altogether invisible; and nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her—the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to 'wring her into undutifulness.'\*

It has been often remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it,—such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are even many airs, which it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy

<sup>\*</sup> A phrase which occurs in a Letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time,—Scrinia Sacra, as quoted by Curry.

that we behold the brave allies of Montrose, \* marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth-like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated; and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile,+ mingling sad regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad-such honours as were won on the

\* There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in 'The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose' (1660). See particularly for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. vi. p. 49; and for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O'Kyan, chap. vii. p. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to the small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

<sup>†</sup> The associations of the Hindu music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) 'they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months,' &c .- Asiatic Transactions, vol. iii., on the Musical Modes of the Hindus.-What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonics of Lully, may be asserted, with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs-'elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paroissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens, si on les avoit fait entendre à des hommes d'un naturel aussi vif que les Athéniens.'-Reflex. sur la Peinture, &c., tom. i. sect. 45.

field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, 'Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!'

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and were applied to the mind as music was formerly to the body, 'decantare loca dolentia.' Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion \* that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a civilised description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans, Criest, &c.), which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country

<sup>\*</sup> Dissertation, prefixed to the 2nd volume of his Scottish Ballads.

<sup>†</sup> Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's Work upon the Irish bards. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise;\* that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks,† or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland.‡

By some of these archæologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counter-point; § and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew anything of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to

<sup>\*</sup> See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

<sup>†</sup> O'Halloran, vol. i. part iv. chap. vii.

<sup>‡</sup> Id. ib. chap. vi.

<sup>§</sup> It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diésis, or enharmonic interval.—The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mersenne (Préludes de l'Harmonie, quest. 7), that the theory of Music would be imperfect without it; and even in practice (as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, Observations on Florid Song, chap. i. sect. 16), there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts;\* yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the 'light of Song' through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed, the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting,)† must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp.

\* The words ποικιλια and ἐτεροφωνια, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero in Fragment, lib. ii. de Republ., induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counterpoint. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily. (Examen d'un Passage de Platon, in the 3d vol. of Histoire de l'Acad.) M. Huet is of opinion (Pensées Diverses), that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages, which I recollect, in favour of the supposition, occurs in the Treatise attributed to Aristotle—Περι Κοσμου, Μουσικη δε οξεις άμα και βαρεις, κ. τ. λ.

† Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequency of what composers call, consecutive fifths; but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with no small reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule?—I have been told that there are instances in Haydn, of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

‡ A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by

were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale,\* our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counter-point.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still keeps its originality sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Germiniani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native

Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs :- 'The Irish (says he) according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II. had two kinds of Harps, "Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundum:" the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing.' -How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning, and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract, is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Bromton; and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old Chronicler:- 'Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyrâ, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et choro Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, efficiunt harmoniam.'-Hist. Anglic. Script. page 1075. I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last Work, has adopted it implicitly.

\* The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints, and the learned Dempster was for this offence called 'The Saint Stealer.' It was an Irishman, I suppose, who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa.—See this

anecdote in the Pinacotheca of Erythræus, part i. p. 25.

simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners, so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation,\* and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians. from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in most of them, 'auri per ramos aura refulget,'t the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it—and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inclegant superfluities, and collating the

† Virgil, Æneid, lib. vi. verse 204.

<sup>\*</sup> Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception perhaps of the air called 'Mamma, Mamma,' and one or two more of the same ludicrous description,) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c., which disgraces so often the works of even Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation.—Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie. The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy, as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than for their sense. Yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my

country, by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,\* and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics-as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustin),† from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England, -to those, too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness-like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered +to such men I shall not deign to offer an apology for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the

<sup>\*</sup> See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, &c., in the Morning Post, Pilot, and other papers.

<sup>† &#</sup>x27;Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum erroris quod cum eis nobis propinatur.'—Lib. i. Confess. chap. 16.

<sup>†</sup> This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (τραπεζοποιος) to Alexander the Great.—Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth. lib. i.

more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description- I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do, any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers: it is found upon the piano-fortes of the rich and the educated-of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of his symphonics, and the claborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admir-

able Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task, which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those fastidious critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs, which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself; and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the year, it returns, in a harmonised shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of

#### LETTER ON MUSIC.

notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independently of the rest—so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that which I have so often derived from your practice of it.—May the mind which such talents adorn continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous!

Believe me, your Ladyship's
Grateful Friend and Servant,
THOMAS MOORE.

## ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

#### FOURTH NUMBER.

This Number of the Melodies ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the Publisher, but in consequence of a rumour which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work.

This would be, indeed, a revival of HENRY the EIGHTH'S enactments against Minstrels, and it is flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop LOWTH, it is true, was of opinion, that *onc* song, like the *Hymn* to *Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than *all* the Philippics of CICERO. But we live in wiser and less

musical times: ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers; and we question if even a 'Lillibullero' would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded rather upon the character of *the Government* than of *the Work*.

The Airs of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were, perhaps, in general, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The Public are remarkably reserved towards new acquaintances in music, which, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. Indeed, it is natural that persons, who love music only by association, should be slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those, who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas; and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has rapidly translated it into sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our National Airs are also the most beautiful: and it has been our wish in the present Number, to select from those melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in

the collection is the Air of 'Love's Young Dream;' but it is one of those easy, artless strangers, whose merit the heart acknowledges instantly.

T. M.

Bury Street, St. James's, Nov. 1811.

## ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

#### FIFTH NUMBER.

It is but fair to those, who take an interest in this Work, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the last of the series. Three volumes will then have been completed, according to the original plan, and the Proprietors desire me to say that a List of Subscribers will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, for our country's sake and our own,

of the interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost by any ill-judged protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any longer trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus, I allude entirely to the Airs, which are, of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and though we have still many popular and delightful Melodies to produce,\* yet it cannot be denied that we should soon experience some difficulty in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier Numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry, too, would be sure to sympathise with the decline of the Music; and, however feebly my words have kept pace with the excellence of the Airs, they would follow their falling off, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. So that, altogether, both pride and prudence counsel us to stop, while the work is yet, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and in the imperial attitude 'stantes mori;'

<sup>\*</sup> Among these is Savourna Deelish, which I have hitherto only withheld from the diffidence I feel in treading upon the same ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine Air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of producing any impression after him. I suppose, however, I must attempt it for the next Number.

before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg, however, to say, it is only in the event of our failing to find Airs as exquisite as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution—like those Indians who put their relatives to death when they become feeble—and they who wish to retard this Euthanasia of the Irish Melodies, cannot better effect it than by contributing to our collection, not what are called curious Airs, for we have abundance of them, and they are, in general only curious, but any real sweet and expressive Songs of our Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

T. M.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, December, 1813

# ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

## SIXTH NUMBER.

IN presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not prove, after all, to be only one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes of his mistress occasionally. Our only motive, indeed, for discontinuing the Work was a fear that our treasures were nearly exhausted, and an unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the very valuable gems it has been our lot to string together. announcement, however, of this intention, in our Fifth Number, has excited a degree of anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us; for the various contributions we have received in consequence have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that if we keep to our resolution of publishing no more, it will certainly be an

instance of forbearance and self-command, unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one Gentleman in particular, who has been many years resident in England, but who has not forgot, among his various pursuits, either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favoured us; and we trust that he and our other friends will not relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerably assisted; for, though the work must now be considered as defunct, yet—as Reaumur, the naturalist, found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead—it is not impossible that, some time or other, we may try a similar experiment upon the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

Mayfield Ashbourne, March, 1815.

## ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

### SEVENTH NUMBER.

IF I had consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have extended beyond the Six Numbers already published; which contain, perhaps, the flower of our national melodies, and have attained a rank in public favour, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture, by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve, (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable,) I would gladly have left to future poets to glean, and, with the ritual words 'tibi trado,' would have delivered up the torch into other hands before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs,\*

<sup>\*</sup> One Gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us nearly forty ancient airs, but has

the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would resemble too much the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices, that I have been persuaded, though not without considerable diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present Number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task.

## DEDICATION

TO

## THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT

PREFIXED TO

#### THE TENTH NUMBER.

It is with a pleasure, not unmixed with melancholy, that I dedicate the last Number of the Irish Melodies to your Ladyship; nor can I have any doubt that the feelings with which you receive the tribute will be of the same mingled and saddened tone. To you, who though but little beyond the season of childhood, when the earlier numbers of this work appeared, lent the aid of your beautiful voice, and, even then, exquisite feeling for music, to the happy circle who met, to sing them together, under your father's roof, the gratification, whatever it may be, which this humble offering brings, cannot be otherwise than darkened by the mournful reflection, how many of the voices which then joined with ours are now silent in death!

I am not without hope that, as far as regards the grace and spirit of the Melodies; you will find this closing portion of the work not unworthy of what has preceded it. The Sixteen Airs, of which the Number and the Supplement consist, have been selected from the immense mass of Irish music which has been for years past accumulating in my hands; and it was from a desire to include all that appeared most worthy of preservation, that the four supplementary songs which follow this Tenth Number have been added.

Trusting that I may yet again, in remembrance of old times, hear our voices together in some of the harmonised airs of this Volume, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's faithful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton Cottage, May, 1834,

#### NOTE 1, page 7.

One chord from that harp or one lock from that hair.

'In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or Coulins (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear Coulin (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired.'—WALKER's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards, p. 134. Mr. Walker informs us, also, that about the same period there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

### NOTE 2, page 8.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

NOTE 3, page 8.

Tho' lost to MONONIA and cold in the grave.

Munster.

NOTE 4, page 8.

He returns to KINKORA no more!

The palace of Brien.

## NOTE 5, page 10.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood.

This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—'Let stakes (they said) be stack in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.' 'Between seven and eight hundred wounded men adds O'Halloran), pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops:—never was such another sight exhibited.'—History of Ireland, Book XII. Chap. i.

## NOTE 6, page 11.

In times of old through Ammon's shade.

Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

#### NOTE 7, page 16.

### THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

'The Meeting of the Waters' forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year r807.

## NOTE 8, page 16.

As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

The rivers Avon and Avoca.

## NOTE 9, page 19.

## RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—'The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the good example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and

a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.'—Warner's History of Ireland, Vol. I. Book x.

NOTE 10, page 21.

Wêre fallen upon gloomy days.

I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

NOTE 11, page 22.

Thou, of the Hundred Fights!

This designation, which has been applied to LORD NELSON before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Guive, the bard of O'Neil, which is quoted in the 'Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland,' p. 433. 'Con, of the hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!'

NOTE 12, page 22

Truth, peace, and freedom hung!

Fox, 'Romanorum ultimus.'

NOTE 13, page 25.

Where weary travellers love to call.

'In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music.'—O'HALLORAN.

NOTE 14, page 29.

ST. SENANUS.

In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the  $Acta\ Sanctorum\ Hiberniæ$ , we are told of his

flight to the Island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to admit even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:—

Cui Præsul, quid fæminis Commune est cum monachis? Nec te nec ullam aliam Admittemus in insulam.

See the ACTA SANCT. HIB. p. 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O'Connor and other antiquarians denythe metamorphose indignantly.

#### NOTE 15, page 38.

When MALACHI wore the collar of gold.

'This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the teath century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory.'—WARNER'S History of Ireland, Vol. I. Book ix.

### NOTE 16, page 38.

Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger.

'Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster called Curaidhe na Craiobhe ruadh, or the Knights of the Red-Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called Teagh na Craiobhe ruadh, or the Academy of the Red-Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called Broubhearg, or the House of the Socrowful Soldier.'—O'HALLORAN's Introduction, &c., Part I. Chap. v.

NOTE 17, page 38.

For the long-faded glories they cover.

It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neaghhad been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inun-

dated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. Piscatores aque illius turres ecclesiasticas, que more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.—Topogr. Hib., Dist. ii. c. 9.

NOTE 18, page 29. THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.

To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

NOTE 19, page 43.

Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane.

The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, 'Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solicite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus.'—Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern., Dist. ii. c. 34.

NOTE 20, page 44.

And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.

Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important object.

NOTE 21, page 45.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spenser so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his

'State of Ireland,' and whose poems, he tells us, 'were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which have good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue.'

#### NOTE 22, page 45.

Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart.

It is conjectured, by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from Yr, the Runic for a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: 'So that Ireland (called the land of Ire, from the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord.'—LLOYD'S STATE WORTHIES, art. The Lord Grandison.

#### NOTE 23, page 46.

Like the wreath of HARMODIUS, should cover his sword.

See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω —'I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton,' &c.

#### NOTE 24, page 50.

Which near our planet smiling came.

'Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more benificial than they all put together.'—Whiston's Theory, &sc.

In the Entretiens d'Ariste, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with these words, Non mille, quod absens

#### NOTE 25, page 51.

The brook can see no moon but this.

This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: 'The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon.'

NOTE 26, page 52.

A butterfly fresh from the night-flower's kisses.

An emblem of the soul.

#### NOTE 27, page 55.

May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

'The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day.'—WALKER.

#### NOTE 28, page 58.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Meaning, allegorically, the ancient church of Ireland.

#### NOTE 29, page 59.

Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too!

'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'-St. PAUL, 2 Cor. iii. 17.

#### NOTE 30, page 63.

The cold chain of Silence had hung o'er thee long.

In that rebellious but beautiful song, 'When Erin first rose, there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

'The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep.'

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks. See also the Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, in Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry.

NOTE 31, page 66.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.

This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

NOTE 32, page 71.

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

NOTE 33, page 71.

Sky-lark never warbles d'er.

There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

NOTE 34, page 74.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

NOTE 35, page 76.

Than to remember thee, MARY!

I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, 'Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!'

NOTE 36, page 78.

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of ERIN.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called 'Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach,' which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'FLANAGAN (see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the 'Darthula of Macpherson' is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Osna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. 'This story (says Mr. O'FLANAGAN) has been, from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, "The death of the children of Touran;" "The death of the children of Lear" (both

regarding Tuatha de Danans); and this, "The death of the children of Usnach," which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected that, in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir: 'Silent, oh Moyle!' &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'FLANAGAN and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they merit.

#### NOTE 37, page 78.

By the red cloud that hung over CONOR's dark dwelling.

'Oh Nasi! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Emangreen a chilling cloud of blood-tinged-red.'—Deidris Song.

NOTE 38, page 78.

When ULAD's three champions lay sleeping in gore. Ulster.

NOTE 39, page 83.

I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls.

'There are countries,' says Montaigne, 'where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter which we call Echo.'

NOTE 40, page 84.

Through Morna's grove.

'Steals silently to Morna's grove.'

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by JOHN BROWN, one of my earliest college companions and friends; whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

NOTE 41, page 87.

And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.

Proposito florem prætulit officio.—Propert. Lib. i. Eleg. 20.

NOTE 42, page 88.

A triple grass.

St. Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. HOPE, among the Ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil, or three-coloured grass, in her hand.

NOTE 43, page 91.
PRINCE OF BREFFNI.

These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran:—'The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffini, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns.'—The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

'Such,' adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), 'is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the Destruction of Troy.'

NOTE 44, page 93.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

#### NOTE 45, page 104.

We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

I believe it is Marmontel who says, 'Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.'—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such jeux d'esprit as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of Folly.

#### NOTE 46, page 112.

Been like our Lagenian mine.

Our Wicklow gold-mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.

## NOTE 47, page 112.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story.

'The bird, having got his prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping he would drop it; but as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again, '&c.—Arabian Nights—Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.

## NOTE 48, page 120. Like him the Sprite.

This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk:—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed, and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects LADY MORGAN (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel) has given a very different account of that goblin.

NOTE 49, page 131.

At once, like a Sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.

'The Sun-burst' was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.

NOTE 50, page 136.

'Mid desolation tuneful still!

' Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ.'—Juvenal.

NOTE 51, page 148.

Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them.

Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.'—Pluralité des Mondes.

NOTE 52, page 149.

And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.

'La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous.'—*Ibid.* 

NOTE 53, page 157.

Yes, sad one of Sion, if closely resembling.

These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

NOTE 54, page 157.

And 'while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down.'
'Her sun hath gone down while it was yet day.'—Jer. xv. 9.

NOTE 55, page 158.

Ah, well may we call her like thee, 'the Forsaken.'
'Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken.'—ISAIAH, lxii. 4.

#### NOTE 56, page 158.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City.

'How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!'--ISAIAH, xiv. 11.

#### NOTE 57, page 158.

And, a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover.

'Thy pomp is brought down to the grave.... and the worms cover thee.'
—ISAIAH, xiv. 4.

#### NOTE 58, page 158.

The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

'Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms.'-ISAIAH, xlvii. 5.

#### NOTE 59, page 161.

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead! whom we know by the light you give.

Paul Zealand mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

## NOTE 60, page 169.

I wish I was by that dim Lake.

These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. 'In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegal (says Dr. Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe.'

'It was,' as the same writer tells us, 'one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the

mind, however gay, is, from strange association, wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes?—Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.

NOTE 61, page 175.

'TWAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS, THAT BY MUSIC ARE BROUGHT.
Written during a visit to Lord Kenmare, at Killarney.

NOTE 62, page 178.

He hath been won down by them.

In describing the Skeligs (islands of the Barony of Forth), Dr. Keating says, 'There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock.'

NOTE 63, page 178. Lakes, where the pearl lies hid.

'Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears; and this we find confirmed by a present made, A.C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls.'—O'HALLORAN.

NOTE 64, page 178. Glens, where Ocean comes.

Glengariff.

NOTE 65, page 180.

And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans, Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans ; Et mon cœur enchanté sur sa rive fleurie Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.

NOTE 66, page 180.

Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend Mr. Washington Irving, in his *Bracebridge Hall*, vol. i. p. 213. The pleasure which

I feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is much enhanced by the reflection that he is too good an American to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that gave him birth have long been such as every real lover of the liberty and happiness of the human race must entertain.

NOTE 67, page 182.

And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost!

It is only the two first verses that are either fitted or intended to be sung.

NOTE 68, page 185.

DESMOND'S SONG.

'Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependants, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family. \*\*—LELAND, vol. ii.

NOTE 69, page 187.

Like him, the boy, who born among.

The God of Silence, thus pictured by the Egyptians.

NOTE 70, page 193.

As from a parting spirit, came.

The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers's Poem of *Human Life*, beginning—

'Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows Less and less earthly.'

I would quote the entire passage, but that I fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance.

## NOTE 71, page 197.

The wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall.

The palace of Fin Mac-Cumhal (the Fingal of Macpherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from thence the name of the Hill of Allen, in the County of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenii, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.

#### NOTE 72, page 198.

And the Sun-burst o'er them floated wide.

The name given to the banner of the Irish.

## NOTE 73, page 203.

The Naïads prepare his steed for him.

The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path.

Among other stories connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the lake.

### NOTE 74, page 204.

When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls.

The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, 'O'Donohue's white horses.'

#### NOTE 75, page 209.

Was like that rock of the Druid race.

The Rocking Stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations.

NOTE 76, page 210.

'Our destin'd home or grave?'

'Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit.'—KEATING.

NOTE 77, page 210.

"Tis Innisfail-'tis Innisfail!"

The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

NOTE 78, page 213.

Which dreaming poets sing.

'The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories.'—BEAUFORT's Ancient Topography of Ireland.

NOTE 79, page 215.

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.

It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader, that these lines were meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson.

NOTE 80, page 217.

Lay his sword by his side—it hath serv'd him too well.

It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favourite swords of their heroes along with them.



				PA	AGE
ALONE in crowds to wander on					211
And doth not a meeting like this make amends .		9			179
As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow .					18
As slow our ship her foamy track					т37
As vanquish'd Erin wept beside					190
At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,					83
Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin .					78
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms .					36
By that Lake, whose gloomy shore			,		71
By the Feal's wave benighted					185
By the hope within us springing					54
Come o'er the sea					113
Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer .					133
Come, send round the wine, and leave points of be	lief				40
Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found the	ee				63
Down in the valley come meet me to-night					162
Drink of this cup; -you'll find there's a spell in					159
Drink to her who long					47
Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes					5
Fairest! put on awhile					177
Farewell !but whenever you welcome the hour .					103
Fill the bumper fair					122
Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour					II
Forget not the field where they perish'd					134
From this hour the pledge is given .					196
Go where Glory waits thee					I
Has sorrow thy young days shaded					III

Here we dwell in heliers 1					PAGE
Here we dwell, in holiest bowers					76
How dear to me the hour when daylight dies How oft has the Benshee cried					22
Warman and a state of the state					21
How sweet the answer Echo makes					165
I'd mourn the hopes that leave me .					107
If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air					153
In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown	wn				139
In yonder valley there dwelt, alone				,	188
I saw from the beach, when the morning was shi	ining				199
I saw thy form in youthful prime .					75
I wish I was by that dim Lake					169
It is not the tear at this moment shed					74
I ve a secret to tell thee, but hush I not here					187
Lay his sword by his side—it hath serv'd him too					217
Lesbia hath a beaming eye					68
Let Erin remember the days of old.					38
Like the bright lamp, that shope in Kildare's hol	y fane.				43
my genue marp, once more I waken					135
ay, tell life lift, dear, that the pohlet drowns					81
The er ask the hour—what is it to us					151
Night clos'd around the conqueror's way					56
No, not more welcome the fairy numbers					125
Of all the fair months, that round the sun					203
Oh! Arranmore, lov'd Arranmore					212
On banquet not in those shining howers					164
On! blame not the bard, for he flies to the house					
Oil: breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shed	le .				45 6
Oil: could we do with this world of our					
Oh! doubt me not—the season					214
Oh for the swords of former time					105
Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own					155
On! haste and leave this sacred isla					57
Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright					21)
on, the sight entrancing.					64
Oh! think not my spirits are always as light					173
On, ye Dead! on, ve Dead! whom we know the	haliwh				14
	me ngn	ı you	give		161
On: where's the slave so lowly					34
One bumper at parting l_tho' many					118
i Parting . the many .					

Quick! we have but a second	
Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave	ICE
Remember thee comment of the standard of the s	ŏ
Rich and rare were the gems she wore	4
Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark	19
Shall the Harp then be silent, when he who first gave	156
She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps	I < 2
She sung of Love, while o'er her lyre	 . (
Silence is in our festal halls	 1 .
Silent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water	
Sing—sing—Music was given	 ,
Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me	 ,
Strike the gay harp! see the moon is on high	1 )1
Sublime was the warning that Liberty spoke .	1.74
Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well	., E
	17.
Take back the virgin page	-17
The dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking	100
The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er .	210
The harp that once through Tara's halls	 1,
The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone	 519
	 110
The valley lay smiling before me	 91
The wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall	1 ,7
The young May moon is beaming, love	- 4
There are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing.	20'
There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet	16,
They came from a land beyond the sea	210
They know not my heart, who believe there can be	1.55
They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it	14
This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes	f.,
Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them	16
Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see	7
Though humble the banquet to which I invite thee	125
Through Erin's isle	5,8,
Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my wa ${f y}$	E 12"
Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee	10
Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking.	131
Tis sweet to think, that where'er we rove	$I \leftrightarrow I$
Tis the last rose of summer	55

				P.A	LGE
To Ladies' eyes around, boy					143
To-morrow, comrade, we					201
'Twas one of those dreams, that by music are brou					175
We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feas	st				31
Weep on, weep on, your hour is past					61
What life like that of the bard can be					205
What the bee is to the floweret					79
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When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow .					52
When first I met thee, warm and young					115
When he, who adores thee, has left but the name .					-
When in death I shall calmly recline					
When thro' life unblest we rove					97
Whene'er I see those smiling eyes					154
While gazing on the moon's light					50
While History's Muse the memorial was keeping .			•		120
Wreath the bowl			•		-
Yes, sad one of Sion, if closely resembling				•	145
You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride					157
					93

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